WOMAN'S PAGE

SOME BAR HARBOR STUDIOS.

Bar Harbor, Aug. 26.—Amid all the beautiful and natural attractions of Bar Harbor, combined with the social life of prominent leaders from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington, cottage life is a continual series of entertainments. This, with the semi-weekly balls at the Kebo Valley Club, makes this charming summer resort a place of lively entertainment. But there are some few women in the fashionable circle who have a keen interest in their art, and continue to work steadily during the summer months in their studios.

To the many visitors who come to this beautiful island in Frenchman's Bay a visit to the "Bungalow" is one of the points of interest.

Adjacent to one of the best-known and finest hotels, on a side street, quite surrounded by cottages, stands this low odd building, with its flat, sloping roof. So picturesque on the exterior, one finds it more so in the arrangement of rooms, panelling and other decorations within. The "Bungalow," so named for its similarity to the dwellings of the far east, is the summer home and studio of Miss Maria a'Becket. The way into the studio is up a winding stairway, then through a narrow hall, where firewood, picturesquely covered with gay colored cottons, is piled until the floor is reached and Miss a'Becket, palette in hand, extends to all, strangers as well as friends, a hearty welcome.

India cottons and richly embroidered silken hangings cover the plastered walls, and serve as a background for the numerous unframed canvasses.

To the interested the artist tells how color appeals to her buoyant spirit. "It is not enough to paint the sunshine golden and the fields green. They are so, of course. But how does the lover see them? They are illumined for him. For him there is splendor in the grass and glory in the flower. Thus one finds it merely peaceful with a benediction resting upon it. Another finds it mocking, the sunshine brazen, the fields harsh, cased. To paint the mood of the man and at the same time to reproduce the place—that is the artist's province.

"No, I paint almost none of my pictures on the spot," said this individual artist, as she placed on the easel a moonlight scene at "Biltmore," the famous North Carolina estate of Mr. George Vanderbilt. The intensity of color of the floral and rhododendrons, the atmosphere and unknown depths of the forest on Mount Craigie in this painting make it one of the most interesting in the collection.

A large part of these paintings are not for sale, but retained by Miss a'Becket for her dearest object, to endow a fund to assist struggling artists, and will be sold after her death for that purpose. Born in Portland, Me., Miss a'Becket's life has been a varied one. Her early childhood was spent in the far wild West, and her courageous spirit was shown at an early age in driving and riding her father's untrained horses.

Her love of the beautiful in nature, impressing naturally an artistic temperament, and her own courageous spirit, urged her to visit Paris and to seek the great artist and teacher, Dantigny. Some previous study under William H. Hunt, in New York, had given her some hope that Dantigny would receive her as a pupil.

Again and again she applied to his already crowded atelier, to receive the same discouragement.

A spirit like hers knew no refusal. Finally the great artist's heart did not say "no." Miss a'Becket speaks with intense feeling and appreciation of her beautiful summer in France, working at the side of her master in his studio at his country place, Auvers-sur-Oise, or going out with him on that beautiful river and painting on the mossy banks or in the fields.

Small and slight in stature, with fine, piercing eyes, quick and earnest in her manners, she is called magnetic. She speaks French and Italian fluently, and is very versatile in conversation. Her time is devoted to her work. Yet her friends are always impressed with her high purpose in life in her many charitable efforts.

While the "Bungalow" is open to all who seek to enter, it is only the special few who see the studios in the cottage life, as these women of fashion and social prominence are most reticent to have it known that they paint.

One of the most prominent leaders in the gayeties of Bar Harbor life is very skilfull with her brush. One visit to her studio in her handsome cottage, or rather stone villa, on one of the high hills commanding a sweeping view of the bay and Sorrento in the far distance, assures the visitor of the ability with her brush of Mrs. Albert Clifford Barney. Among the works in her studio is a group of men in Greek sports, which disclose a dramatic moment, and the easel is a fair woman's head. Turn where you will in this fine large studio, portraits meet your eye, each face so varied, so strong, so beautiful, with such rare flesh tints that one must question when this gay, handsome woman has found time to study serious art. In her school days in Cincinnati, Mrs. Barney studied and worked. In Paris, Carolus Durand was her friend. This artist—member of the salon—painted two portraits during Mrs. Barney's frequent visits to his atelier, and she seems to have caught some of this portrait painter's dash, color and style.

She paints because she loves to. Only in certain moods does she take her palette, and when certain people appeal to her.

Her fine voice and agreeable manner make her an ideal hostess. Always perfectly dressed, she is a prominent figure in the fashionable assemblies of gay Bar Harbor.

Turning down a side street at the right of Mount Desert street, where the cottages and hotels are so near that it seems like a crowded village, a small, one-story building attracts the passer-by.

One look in at the open door reveals the attraction is within. Many find it so, as Mrs. J. Madison Taylor works steadily, earnestly and regularly each morning of the lovely summer season. As her many friends step in, and all manifest such deep interest in her work that, it is easily seen, the tiny bit of ivory is studied with more than an artist's scrutiny, that the beauty and expression of some dear friend is being produced by the skillful brush.

Mrs. Taylor's work must be seen to fully appreciate her success as a miniature portrait painter on ivory.

Emily Drayton Taylor is a descendant of a prominent Southern family from Charleston.

Born in Philadelphia, she always showed a decided artist's tendency. She studied fine arts in Philadelphia, and continued her studies under the celebrated M. Ferere in Paris for three years.

The only daughter of a prominent society leader, she has always been surrounded by many diversions from serious work, but Mrs. Taylor's fine, strong character, with a charming, attractive personality, has continued an earnest artist's career.

A most devoted mother, a gracious, amiable hostess, she has a large circle of admiring friends. At the recent exhibition in New York of "Fair Women," Mrs. Taylor's several portraits were exhibited. Among them were the portraits of Mrs. Rhinelander Jones, Miss Susie Sturges, Mrs. Eugene Hale, Mrs. Randolph, now the wife of Mr. William C. Whitney, and of Emmons Blaine, the grandson of our great statesman.

A walk along the shore path, by the rustic edge and on the rocks, is to many the most attractive portion of Bar Harbor. The well-kept lawns of each cottage rest the eye from looking on the sparkling water in the bright sunlight, and these quiet, modest cottages, painted in dark wood colors, blend with nature's coloring of shady trees. These cottages are the homes of the most wealthy and prominent of the summer residents.

They are so closely placed that the space of ground at the rear is not seen from the shore path, but far back, among the trees is a small building called the "Studio." The architect in his plans arranged for all light to come from above, so this unique structure has no windows. A small doorway at one side does not invite intrusion, and it is with great hesitancy the occupant is disturbed. The morning hours are devoted by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears to concentrated purpose and study at her easel. As you enter—and your welcome is cordial, but you do not tarry, as there is a "sitter," and an unfinished portrait urges completion—you realize this studio is essentially an artist's workroom. Built with every convenience for light and shadows to be regulated, many easels and artist's palettes are scattered in different parts of this large room.

You feel the atmosphere of the severity of her art; the truth; the earnestness of fact. To achieve one must work. Mrs. Sears has done both. Her constant application to hard, serious work, with the many advantages of wealth to study with great masters; to travel extensively; to see and be surrounded by all that is beautiful and rare, gives to her painting great earnestness.

Many prizes have been awarded to her for exhibition of her paintings in her own city, Boston, and at the recent exhibition of the academy in New York. The $500 prize was awarded her for a portrait. To this she generously added another amount, and a sister artist was sent abroad to continue her studies. Mrs. Sears' ambition is not achieved. Like all true artists, she has her ideal, and only the few realize her aims.

One of a family whose intellect and brain force gives them a prominent position in New England and in our country, Mrs. Sears' gentle, refined, quiet manner and firmness of character suggest that she is a woman of reserve power. The few only know the suitability of her character. In Prof. Henry Drummond's great work, "Natural Laws in the Spiritual World," he says: "True greatness dwells in the simplicity of nature." So does this talented woman, who delights to welcome to her beautiful city home her fellow-artists in music and art, and encourage them to work, by the simplicity of her character help others to help themselves.

"Painting is thought conveyed to canvas."

Coolness Conquered.

Mr. and Mrs. Billus had quarreled.

"This thing has become unendurable, Maria!" announced Mr. Billus. "If I can't live in peace in my own family I can live somewhere else. I am going to Alaska!"

"Will you buy a return ticket, John?" asked Mrs. Billus, in a clear, metallic voice.

"I don't know that it makes any difference to you whether I do or not."

"But it does. If you buy a return ticket and anything happens to you, the money will be wasted. Don't do it, John. Put the money in a life insurance policy. Think what it might do for me and the children!"

The upshot of the matter was that John didn't go.—Chicago Tribune.

THE BILLIARD TABLE.

New York, Aug. 28.—This subject pertains to women. Instead of consigning the billiard table to the clubs, or to those unknown regions which are termed billiard parlors, the billiard table may be as domestic a piece of furniture as a dining table or a chest of drawers. One of the chief recommendations of the game is that it is one in which men and women may enter with a chance of winning equal honors. Keenness of sight, a steady hand and wrist and good judgment in planning the play are the main requisites, and these may be possessed by women in quite as great a degree as by men. Strength is not so essential, although to make some shots it may be necessary to go once or twice around the table, when, of course, considerable impetus must be given to the cue ball, and that this may be done by the fair sex was proved by the girl whose ball failed to touch the object ball, and so took the cushion seven times before ending its rapid course.

"Oh, but I would not want to get in front of your cue," was the comment of the little man playing with this young Amazon.

Imagine the gay scene in a private billiard room, on a stormy night perhaps, when after dinner all meet to enjoy a game, either in participating or in watching its progress.

The soft, restful green of the cloth, with the bright colors of the balls flashing quickly over its surface; the women attractive in evening gowns; the gleam of jewels; the graceful pose of slender hands and arms, and all this offset by the more severe attire of the men, while over all is the concentrated light of the chandelier, leaving the rest of the room in shadow, makes a picture of unusual brilliancy.

What man would prefer to go out for the evening if such inducements to remain at home were offered him?

Just here lies one of the greatest arguments in behalf of the game, and one which causes many clergymen to give it their indorsement. It helps many parents to solve the problem of how to keep their sons away from undesirable public places of amusement.

The game of billiard is of very uncertain origin. Shakespeare leading in the belief that Cleopatra invited Charmian to the game with her as far back as 30 B. C.

Some credit the Normans with inventing the sport, and others attribute it to the French as late as 1571.

It is said also that in the "Confessions of St. Augustine" references to the game are found. Probably the best founded belief is that it was introduced by the Knights Templar after their return from the first crusade, they having found it among the monasteries of Palestine. Owing to its benefits as an exercise, the monks were allowed to indulge in it. It was, however, lost sight of for a while and revived in the time of Louis XI, and was a most popular amusement in the court of Louis XIV. So it has traced its way down through the centuries, undergoing various changes, according to the fancies of its adherents, until it came over to Florida, in 1565, at the time of De Soto's expedition; later, with the Cavaliers to Virginia, the Hollanders in New York and the Huguenots in South Carolina, and was a favorite pastime with our great leader, Gen. Washington, he and Lafayette enjoying many games together. There have been various styles of tables, some of the features of bagatelle being found during the development of the game, but for a long time the three pockets, no cushions, hole in the center table was preferred. After all these preliminary conditions, we have come at last to what may be termed the perfection of the game, which is played upon a table without pockets, and with but three balls, this being the carom game of the French. The American four-ball game is easier, but never used by experts.

The average cost of tables runs from $200 to $2,000, the latter being the price of the first prize table at the Columbian Exposition. This is a cabinet table of carved mahogany, which has a locker cabinet built in beneath the slab of the table, for holding the small belongings of the outfit, while between the cabinet and the slab there is a long, narrow cue drawer. Other cabinet styles are from $500 up. The price of a table includes all the appointments of the game, viz: One dozen cues, set of balls, cue rack (either to screw to the wall, or one that stands in a corner), chalk, extra cue-tips and glue, brush, counters and cover. The favorite counters are those strung across from wall to wall, where all can watch the progress of the game, but another good style rests in a frame for the mantel. Foreigners show a preference for the rail markers, which are attached to the table, one on each side.

A clever device for converting a pool table into a billiard table is an adjustable corner, which can be screwed in place in lieu of the pocket. It will do for average players, but might not serve for an expert game. However, where a man wants to enjoy both games at home, it is very desirable. At present the majority of tables are made in oak, but any kind of wood is available. It should match the woodwork of the room where it is to be placed. Mme. Adelina Patti-Nicolini had a magnificent table made for Craig-y-Nos castle a few years ago, harmonizing with the room in which it was to stand, and Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, also had one made, in cabinet style, and covered with dark red mahogany-colored cloth to match the hangings of the room. Green, however, is almost universally used, as it is more agreeable to the eyesight, and the balls show up better against it. The best cloth for covering billiard tables is the simonis, manufactured in Verviers, Belgium, but even this will not stand too hard wear and should be renewed twice a year, where the table has constant usage, as in public billiard parlors. In damp weather a flat iron should be run over the cloth to keep it perfectly dry, as otherwise the balls will not run freely.

There are three sizes of tables, 4 1-2x9 feet being the popular size, 5x10 for professional play and 4x8 feet for use in small rooms.

The room should be 10 feet longer and wider than the table to allow free scope for the players. Cues average 57 inches in length and from 14 to 22 ounces in weight. Fifteen ounces is the popular weight for ladies, and from 17 to 18 for gentlemen. They cost from $3 to $100, according to the amount of decoration put upon them. A handsomely mounted cue with silver plate and monogram can be bought for $25. Some cues are jointed, being screwed together in the middle with an ivory joining, and thus may be easily carried about, if a player prefers his own cue; and neat cases come in which to place them in traveling. An improvement on the old-style cue is the ivory-tipped cue, to which the leather tip is affixed, and which can be unscrewed from the cue itself, thereby rendering the cue unavailable for use by anyone else in the owner's absence, or making it a simple matter to replace a worn-out tip. Rubber noise subduers are another useful appliance for a cue, as, on a bare floor, the noise of the cue handle being dropped by the player while resting is avoided by a rubber pad on the end.

Cue stands with locks further protect the cues from unauthorized handling.

Balls measure two and three-eighths inches in diameter, while pool balls are only two and one-quarter.

Ivory billiard balls cost $32 for a set of four, and as ivory is affected by the atmosphere and the balls sometimes change shape, or if subjected to great heat or cold, break apart, great care must be given them. Celluloid or composition are generally used for pool, a sixteen-ball set for pool costing in ivory $108, and no guarantee, while a guarantee accompanies a $25 set of composition.

The color is boiled into ivory, and is therefore thin, and in time wears light or spotty, but it is one-quarter inch thick in composition balls. Pool balls are numbered, as an expert player must call his ball, and if that does not fall in the pocket, he does not count, while an ordinary player is glad to claim any ball that he sends into a pocket.

The latest improvement in billiard and pool tables are the six-legged ones, which stand more firmly and have a slate bed one and one-half inches thick. Another improvement for pool tables is the gutter running from each pocket to a receptacle at one end, so that the balls are collected there, and in this case the ball rack is used as a marker, a convenient arrangement which renders marking quite simple.

The correct light for a billiard room is the four-branch chandelier, about three feet two inches above the bed of the table, and about six feet one inch from the floor. For a 5x10 table the cross-arms should measure from light to light twenty-eight inches, and the long arms fifty-six inches; others in proportion. This should be well shaped, and, having a horizontal flame, no shadow is cast upon the table.

Colored chalk for cues is best, and all of it is imported from France and Germany. The blue is $4 per gross, green $2.50, while the white is only 25 cents, 50 cents and $1 per gross. There are numerous small devices for use in the billiard room, among which are the clock which marks the time a player begins and ends by a series of pegs along the rim, and a chalk-holder, a metal clasp attached to a string from the ceiling on a pulley holding securely the cue chalk, where it is handy for the players and not likely to be misplaced or carried away. These latter are, however, more for use in public rooms than in private houses.

SHE HELD THE TRAIN.

"Before I came to this part of the country I was an engineer on a railroad down South," said a railway man. "We used to make a long run, and we were pretty slow about it. While on that line I had some very odd experiences. I remember one day when we reached the junction station a woman came up to me and asked me to hold the train for five minutes. She said that her daughter wanted to take the train to the city. I told her that it was impossible for me to hold the train for her.

"'I don't see why,' she expostulated. 'I think you might do a little thing like that.'

"I tried to explain to her that trains ran on schedule time, and, like time and tide, waited for no man, or woman either, for that matter. But she wouldn't have it, and finally, just as we were about to start, she shouted indignantly:

"'Well, I'll just see about that.'

"I laughed, but soon ceased to laugh, for what did that old woman do but get right on the track about three feet in front of the engine. She sat herself there, firmly grasping hold of the rails with both hands. The conductor signaled for me to go ahead, as our stop was over. But I couldn't do it as long as she remained on the track, for I would kill her certainly. I called to the conductor, and he, impatient at the delay, came up. I explained the situation to him. He was as mad as I was, and, going up to the old woman, he told her to get off the track.

"'I just won't,' she replied, 'until my daughter gets aboard your train.'

"He pleaded with her for some time, and finally declared that he would have to use force.

"'Just you dare,' she cried. 'I'll sue you for damages if you do!'

"This opened up a new complication, and we reasoned with ourselves whether we had better remove her by force. Just as we had determined upon a course of policy her daughter came up, and, seeing the old woman on the track, kissed her goodby and got on the train, while her mother called to her:

"'Go ahead, Mary Ann. You have plenty of time, though, for I will sit on the track until you get on board.'

"And then, when Mary Ann was safely on board, and we were about ready to run over the old woman if necessary, she calmly got up and waved me a goodby, calling, as we pulled out of the station:

"'I hope I've teached you fellers a grain of perliteness.'"—St. Joseph Gazette.

CHAMINADE TO VISIT AMERICA.

New York, Aug. 27.—M'lle Chaminade is coming. The sackcloth and ashes of the next Lenten season in America will be rendered more bearable than usual by the arrival from Paris, among the other musical stars who will temper the dullness of the season of repentance, of the great composer. This much is certain, that Chaminade will come to America if she is still living and well next Lent; but as to the manner of her arrival there is room for speculation.

Since M'lle Chaminade signified her intention of visiting America the managers of musical stars, who are ever on the lookout for winning ventures, have been staying awake nights devising schemes to induce the great Chaminade to delegate to them the task of piloting her into the regions of fame and fortune on a hard and fast percentage basis. Unfortunately, however, for these gentlemen, some one among Chaminade's numerous friends in Paris has poured into the ear of the composer weird tales of the manner in which the musical managers in America lie in wait for the unsuspecting foreign artist, lure her into placing her business affairs unreservedly in their hands, and then send her back to La Belle France with a very small percentage of the earnings that should have accompanied her in goodly quantities.

As Chaminade listened to these stories of American perfidy her smooth brow became wrinkled with the thoughts that passed through her head. For be it known that Chaminade does not intend to visit America in the interests of high art. Like her distinguished countrywomen, Bernhardt, Guilbert and Duse, Chaminade is attracted to America solely by the prospect of adding to her bank account in Paris as much money as she can conjure from the pockets of music-loving Americans by the magnetism of her name and the wonders of her compositions.

This being the case, it is no wonder that, when Manager Henry Wohlfson, who had been industriously advertising for a year previous that Chaminade would appear in America under his management, approached Chaminade to know whether or not she had been sufficiently impressed with his efforts on her behalf to consent to leave her affairs in his hands, he was met with an emphatic demand that he deposit $10,000, in her name as security that he would deal squarely with her should she consent to appear in America under his management. Manager Wohlfson's return play to this little move of Chaminade's was to demand that she deposit an equal amount of money in some American bank to guarantee him against some contingency of which he did not explain the import. This unheard-of demand from a manager settled Wohlfson's chances of posing as Chaminade's business man; and since this episode Wohlfson has been cudgeling his brains to find some plausible story that will explain how it is that after all his advertising Chaminade will not finally appear under his management.

Manager Clarence Andrews has also been advertising that Chaminade would appear under his management; but, as in the case of Wohlfson, the composer has declined to place herself in his care until she has some substantial guarantee that the American dollars will go into her own pocketbook and not into that of her manager.

When it is stated that three wealthy men of New York have made offers to Chaminade to play for $1,000 a night, it will be understood that the competition among New York managers to secure her and seize a portion of the shekels is fully justified. Only to a favored few will Chaminade be visible in America. She has positively refused to appear in public, and will continue her attentions to those who can afford to engage her to appear at private recitals in their homes. She will play her own piano compositions, and engage some well-known soloist to appear with her.

Paris has never been so much in love with Chaminade as recently, and by none has she been more devoutly worshiped than by the great prima donnas. The latter have realized that when music-loving Paris has applauded their efforts, the hand clapping and the bravos have been intended half for the owner of the beautiful voice and the rest for the gifted composer who made the singing possible. It was Nordica who electrified Paris with "Les Noel des Oiseaux," Calve who sang into popularity "Sur la Plage," Melba who won thunders of applause by her rendition of "Viens, Mon Bien Aime," Carlotta Desvignes who charmed audiences with "Nuit d'Ete," but the Parisians who so applauded the singing well knew that their idol Chaminade had composed the songs, and no small part of the applause was given for her sake. These songs will now be heard in America, and Americans will be able to judge for themselves of the correctness of the musical ear of Paris. Other favorites that M'lle Chaminade will play to American audiences are "Dream of an Hour," "Love's Garden," "My Heart Sings," "The Silver Ring," "Where'er Love Has Passed."

Mlle. Chaminade has composed for the violin and piano, 'cello and piano, and mandolin and piano. Her numerous compositions comprise piano forte duets, four-handed and eight-handed pieces for the piano, and vocal solos and duets almost without number.

In appearance Mlle. Chaminade is a brown-haired little woman of pleasing personality and fascinating manners. She is strong physically, which fact partly accounts for her positive refusal to appear in public in America, although by so doing she might add considerably to the amount of money she will take back to Paris.

Mlle. Chaminade has always lived a very quiet life socially in Paris. She resides with an aged mother, and seems to find her chief joy in life in ministering to the wants of this relative. In spite of repeated attempts on the part of the swell set of Paris to draw Chaminade from her shell and get her to submit to the lionizing customary with popular artists, she has steadily refused to forsake the retirement of her quiet home life. Her father was an officer in the French army.

Like most successful artists, Chaminade had a struggle at the outset of her career to gain the recognition that her genius deserved. Her first compositions were received with no particular favor, but she studied assiduously, and improved steadily, until the fickle Parisians were forced to see that a great artist had arisen among them. Chaminade has never allowed herself to become over vain of her success. No matter how much her compositions have been praised she has still studied to improve them, and has won in consequence fresh laurels with each new song.

MLLE. CHAMINADE.

TO PREVENT WRINKLES.

Why wait until the wrinkles have made their first faint tracings about the eyes, flesh under the chin has begun to grow flabby and corrugated, in what an irreverent man once characterized as "wattles," referring to the absurd resemblance to a hen? Why wait until the mouth has lost its youthful flexibility and settled into hard, unlovely lines of care and endurance? This last point, by the way, is one of the most important; perhaps it would not be too much to say the most important, in the entire subject, yet is mentioned rarely, or not at all.

Some one objects, just here: "But that is impossible of prevention. The mouth cannot help acquiring the expression of the character and life's experience."

Very well, then so control your inner life that sweetness, not sourness, mobility, not rigidity, serenity, not stoical endurance, may be expressed by those unerring lines and curves about that most telltale of all the features—the mouth. You can do it—if you begin young. You cannot do it if you wait until thirty or more years have left their uncombated traces.

A woman of forty-two met an old friend after a separation of fifteen years. The first hearty greetings exchanged, the latter said: "But, Molly, what on earth have you done to keep young? We are exactly the same age, yet I know that I look every day of my forty-two years, while you do not look a minute older than when I saw you last."

She was so evidently in earnest and not merely uttering polite compliments that her friend answered with corresponding seriousness. "I suppose you must be right in a degree, as strangers usually assume me to be at least ten years younger than I really am. I think that the secret lies in a remark made in my hearing when I was not more than eighteen. A man said to my father, speaking of some woman they knew, 'She "makes up" well, but her mouth gives her away. You can always tell a woman's age by her mouth. It gets a "settled" look, so to speak; the teeth are apt to be closely set together in repose, creating lines where dimples used to be.

"He was a man of the world and an acute observer, so that I remembered his words and thought of them a good deal. Finally I came to the conclusion that if a woman watched that particular expression and refused to allow rigidity about the muscles of the mouth, she would escape that telltale witness as she grew older. I observed myself carefully and was surprised to notice the exact truth of the man's assertion. I could feel my mouth settling into rigid lines on ordinary occasions and compelled myself to relax them at once."

Here the visitor interposed: "That is it exactly! I can see, now, that it is in your mouth that the youthfulness lies. It is just as soft and red and curving as when you were a schoolgirl with a mouth we all envied! There are little lines at the eyes, my dear, though not nearly deep as mine, but no one could think of them with that girlish mouth below!"

Suppose that the girl of eighteen had been the woman of twenty-eight when she began to think of the subject, her efforts to preserve the flexibility of muscle could not have had such results, as lines must have formed already at that age, and her attention must have been given to cure rather than the much easier prevention. In like manner, if the girl of eighteen will say to herself: "I must acquire wrinkles and furrows and 'wattles' just as other women do, if I wait long enough. I will try the ounce of prevention and see if I cannot ward them off entirely," and will conscientiously devote only fifteen minutes every day to the task, she can keep the enemy at bay for years. It is so much easier to keep them out than to drive them away when once they have established themselves in quiet possession.

The "wattles," for instance, indicate a weakening of the muscles of the throat and sometimes appear at as early an age as twenty-five. The cheek muscles between the cheekbone and lower jawbone begin about the same time to grow weak and the exquisite curve from ear to chin becomes a gradually straightening line. But if the girl of eighteen does her duty to herself and society, the finally inevitable process of disintegration may be deferred for many years. Let her devote fifteen minutes a day to proper massage of these portions of the face and throat, and at thirty-five and forty-five she will retain the roundness of youth.

Apply first to the entire face and throat any good skin food, lightly rubbing it in with a circular motion. Then place the hands under the chin, bending the wrists so that the palms are upward, let the tips of the fingers touch; then draw the hands with a firm pressure upward and outward in opposite directions to the ears. Similarly, but with lighter touch, rub the cheeks from jaw to ear, and the forehead from nose to hair. There is a new toilet article—a massage roller—which is a great aid in their operation, but the unassisted fingers can accomplish much.

The quality of cream used is of importance. It should be procured only from a reliable druggist, and preferably compounded from a known formula. One of the best masseuses in New York uses the following: Almond oil, 4 ounces; lanoline, 2 ounces; spermacetti, 1 1-2 ounces; cocoa butter, 1 ounce. Melt in a granite ware basin over a slow fire, until thoroughly dissolved, then remove from fire and beat briskly with a silver fork, adding slowly thirty drops tincture of benzoin and five drops of rose attar or ten drops of oil of jasmine. The last item of the formula is merely to give an agreeable odor, and any perfume may be used, provided always that it be in the form of an essential oil, in order that it may blend properly with the other ingredients. This cream feeds the skin, and the tissues beneath, so that the daily wash is supplied before it has time to affect the cuticle.

The Usual Inquiry.

Angelina—So this is the information bureau?

Clerk—It is; what can I do for you?

"Is my hat straight?" and Angelina looked appealingly at the busy young man, whose reply was lost in the murmur of the waves.—Chautauqua Assembly Herald.

ONLY A MATTER OF MUSCLE.

Narragansett Pier, Aug. 27.—"A pretty neck is only a matter of muscle," said a young woman to her two chums, who were admiring the marble-hued softness of her shoulders as the three sat dressed for the late August hop at Narragansett Pier. "I never look at the pictures of Sandow or John L. Sullivan without thinking how lovely they would look in evening dress—I mean girl's evening dress, of course."

"Oh, horrors! Virginia, what an absurdity! Think of a prize fighter in low neck and short sleeves!"

"I don't wonder that you laugh; but you'll be more surprised when I tell you that it was just that absurd idea that led me to try developing my neck. It was the summer before I came out; I was to be a debutante the next winter. My neck was so thin that my collar bones grinned at me every time I looked in the glass. Imagine a debutante with collar bones!"

The others looked the dismay that the speaker expected, and she went on: "Now, this is all I did, and if you do the same for ten minutes night and morning you will notice a difference in a month.

"If you examine closely the pictures of Sullivan or any of those prize fighters you will notice that they usually carry their heads with the chin forced back close to the neck. If you try to do this you will find that your head straightens up as if you had a stiff neck, and your chest rises an inch or so. Of course, it will be mostly the bones that rise, but don't be frightened at the ghostly apparition. Just keep pushing your head back as far as possible without bending the neck, always keeping the chin in. Then turn the head around to the right and left as far as it will go, with the chin in the same position. The hardest exercise is to throw the head back and bring it forward with a jerk, until the chin fairly slaps the chest. It is one of the prize fighter's favorite exercises to develop the muscles of the neck, and I thought I might as well try to cover my bones in the same way. Anyway, it's very simple; it certainly does no harm to try it, and in any case, I have my own experience as testimony to its efficacy.

"In taking the exercises it is a good plan to draw a deep breath, and hold it as long as possible without turning the head from side to side or pushing it back."

Rather original ideas on physical culture, but if there was enough in them to develop one pair of shoulders, it is worth trying by other maids with "too, too solid" collar bones. The methods which the young woman described were really on form of the Swedish exercises, of which there are many for the development of various parts of the body. There are lots of others, but it is easier to do one or two simple things regularly than half a dozen or more complicated movements for as many different purposes.

One exercise that has been found very efficacious is the "dip," done on parallel bars. She who is to be developed assumes a reclining posture, face downward, in mid-air, supporting herself by grasping the bar on each side of her with one hand and one foot. She then dips her head and body down as far as her arms and her legs will permit, and raises herself again by the strength of her arms. This motion will be found extremely hard on untrained muscles and should be tried very cautiously at first.

While we are on the subject of good figures, let us linger for a moment about the slender waist—always a pleasant thing to do, when it is slender, but alas! how rarely it is so!

The Narragansett girl might have broadened her statement a little, and said that, in general, good figure is a matter of muscular development. This is certainly true of men, and the only reason why it has not always been considered true of women is the fact that they have been ranked as weaklings who are out of their sphere if they have good health. Nowadays, although that old idea is exploded and the average girl would like to be healthy and strong, she doesn't know exactly how to go about it.

The very best thing we can do is to imitate men in their methods of development. Any muscle can, of course, be developed, but which muscles do we want to develop, and how shall we get at them when we have discovered that? The two vital points of a woman's figure are a good neck and a slender waist. For the former we have recommended the methods of the prize fighter and the oarsman, as these are the best specimens of masculine muscular development in that particular locality.

One might expect to look in vain for specimens of small waists among men; yet this would be to ignore that type of noblest carriage and most magnificent figure in the race—the military man.

West Point cadets lose an inch around the waist before they have been under military training for three months. Soldiers in uniform always have the appearance of wearing corsets. There must be a reason for all this—what is it but the exercises imposed?

As a matter of fact, all military students go through a series of exercises sufficient to make a ballroom belle of anyone of them in a twelve-month. And there is nothing to hinder the feminine waist from being diminished in the same way.

Here are some of the military exercises which girls, who want to reduce the waist without tight lacing, or who object to wearing corsets at all, may try to advantage, confident that, if persisted in, these are bound to make the waist longer and more slender.

First, stand straight, with arms at sides and palms to the front; then raise the arms up over the top of the head till the thumbs touch, and drop slowly down again.

Second, hold the arms straight out in front of you, palms down, and then move each around gradually to the side and back again, keeping them on the same level.

Third, stand with the arms stretched as far apart as possible, making a perfect cross with the body, and describe small circles with each arm using the shoulder as center.

The exercise of slapping the backs of the hands together behind the back is good for both small waist and full neck, but it is so common that it is hardly worth mentioning.

These are suggestions worth trying at once, while still at the summer watering places; for though it is fashionable to engage in all sorts of outdoor sports, and most up-to-date girls do so, this does not always answer the purpose of developing a particularly weak collection of muscles in a conspicuous part of the figure, and a little individual exercise for that one collection will often accomplish what years of tennis and golf can never do. If begun now, and faithfully continued till December, the prospective debutante of the coming winter season will find her neck in good condition for decollete gowns by the time she launches her frail craft on the uncertain sea of society.

Disproportionate Photography.

Ethel—So your engagement to Will has been broken?

Edith—Yes.

Ethel—Whose fault was it?

Edith—Mine. You see, I took a picture of papa, just to show Will that he was not such a ferocious creature as he imagined, and poor papa got his feet too near the camera."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Last Proof of Love.

How a woman must love a man who thinks so much of her that he shoots her to prevent some other man from getting her!—Atchison Globe.